ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1891.

DAPHNE IN THE MINUET.

Through the mazes of the dancing Dayhne's form is softly glancing; I forget all other pleasure Watching as she glides along, Tripping to the dance's measure, Paires, main among the throng. 'Tis a sight I'll ne'er forge., Daphne in the minuet.

Daphne's checks are gently flu-hing; Tinge so faint is hardly blushing; On her lip a sweet smile lingers, And her eyes dilate and shine When I touch her dainty fingers, And the biss of heaven seems mine;

My poor heart with love is burning,
when I take her hand in turning
Daphne smiles at me above her.
I adore her? Does she know?
Maybe, when the dance is over,
She will let me tell her so.
Cupid's caught me in his net
Dancing in the minuel.

— Boston Transcript.

As in heaven high I my child did see,

I my cand did see,
There in train came by
C lidren fair and meck—
Each in 1 ly white,
With a lamp slight;
Bach was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the map he had,
Oh, it did not burn!
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out!
Mother, never mourn."

—Housekers.

FRESH YARNS, SOME TRUE, SOME FANCIFUL, BY THE CLEVEREST WRITERS.

LD Mrs. Green was in a flery passion and her fury seemed to be growing greater as I called in just to see
how hersick husband was. Everything was dancing to her music,
for she held in her hand a long,
stout brush and occasionally gave the one nearest to her a lick. "I am just datarm'd that I ain't gwine ter be the tail end o' the runnin' gear of the folks down here on Punkinridge. I'll see from this on who gits thar and who don't, and who's plans succeed and who's don't."

"Good mornin'," I said, walking in and stamping heavily on the floor in order to be noticed at all. "How is your husband this morning? I heard he was

Lawsy, of 'tain't you. Come right in ef ye kin scramble ye way through the dirt and trash; hain't sca'cely drawed er nateral breath the mornin'. The chillurn hev gone or ravin' distracted es any manyacks I ever seed. How's you and your tolks this mornin'? Haven't heer from your since America week. from you since Amariah went a goal huntin'. Git up from thar, Sydney Pink-erton, afore I knock ye over; git up from thar, i say and git a cheer. Act like this mornin' you never seed anybody

"How is your husband, Mrs. Green?" I asked again, for I could scarcely hear my own voice for the noise of the children. Some of them were nursing and pinching the squealing cats, others had the dogs and enickens frolicking back and forth

and chickens frolicking back and forth in the hail.

"He's improvin', I recon. I jes' tole him this waren' no time o' the y'ar ter be k'plainin o' the stumich and spinal discases. Some men mought git ahead o' me, but they'd hatter be pearter in physical movement and better mind thunkers than my Joshuway Green."

"Bout plantin' nime every y'ar he's ailars pow'fully stricken with a discase; sutin' close arter the white swellin', but he nuver did swell any ez i caught sight o', so me and the chillum hatter makes alt the crops and ever'thing else thet's made on the place, and I wager we git less profit. 'I ain't no contented job ter plow that piled, brindled steer o' ourn; some times he's inclined ter work and ergin it takes all the work o' rale natur to move him a peg. I jes' 'lowed this mornin' ter Joshuway that I had sot myself on some resolutions that I war detarm'd ter carry out if it broke my neck or his. I jes' 'lowed ter him that he'd hatter roust hisself outen that bed, 'kase I didn't 'speek ter wiggle agin till he went ter work. He riz up from thar utter he seed I was sot on my will. I studied his case over and over and I nuver could see how he allars made it convenient ter be mighty seriously sick jes' 'bout corn plantin' time and cotton convenient ter be mighty seriously sick jes' 'bout corn plantin' time and cotton pickin'; jis' let fail o' the y'ar come and be claims it ex his crap when he nuver toched it in work."

toched it in work." "I tole cousin Sallie Dillard yistiddy at meetin' that thar was some things I'd stand and some I wouldn't and waitin' on and workin fer a sorry, lazy man war jes' whar I drawed the line. I've aliars heerd that the honey bee and the grasshopper couldn't live tergether—they can't kaise a drone haint gwine ter work and thinks only how ter beat somebody else outter what they've honestly yeart." cousin Sallie Dillard yistiddy at

what they've honestly yeart."
"Git up from thar and go to work
Jeemes Monroe; if thar's any laz ness in ye, ye tuck it atter ye daddy" She hit him with the broom and sent him roaring

out into the yard. out into the yard.

Resuming her conversation, she said: "Thar's another man I wanter git even with afore I leve this yer arth." The expression on her face portrayed that she could destroy the remaining men of the world.

"Who else has done you any injuries?" I inquired.

I inquired.
"Well, I didn't mean to mention that but bein's ye curiosity air roused I jes, he tellye. My Naucy Jane hez been hevin'sweethearts or long time. She's guine on 20 y'ar now and I hev spent all guine on 20 y'ar now and I hev' spent all my hard yearnings, thats takes time ter 'cumerlate by work in the kentry, tryin' to raise her in high circles and marry her off ter somebody equal in standing, both in name and s'or ty. Yer know that hain't a prettier gal in these near sighted (new-nited) states than Nancy. I'll say on Punkinridge, too. It's all jes' kase a man don't b'lieve like she does, wiv the only reason she hain't marrid. Lawsy law,'' said she, putting her hands against her back and saying "her rheumatiz pains was growen was and hands against her was growen wuss and rheumatiz pains was growen wuss and worser." Just then little Mirandy gave worser." Just then little fire shove the baby a stroke with the fire shove that sent him over several chairs, creat ing a noise equal to a circus play. Bob Lee and William Henry Harrison fougus over a raw potate—one said that "it was his yallar tater shaped like a goose's head." Shrieks and yells almost reminded me of being in a den of wildcats

and panthers.

Mrs. Green jumped up on a little red "chist" and seizing a long switch, that was large enough to drive exen, began beating unmercially on the rest of the children till she succeeded in running them all out of the yard, exclaiming, "Jes let comp'ny kem and you uns go wild. I'll show you how fer knock down and drag out." Giving Thomas Jackson a deathly lick that sent him over the fence

with the others she sat down again as serene as if nothing had happened. "Es I wus a gwine ter teil ye. Ranzy Thompson hev' beer a comin' ter see Thompson hev' been a comin' ter see Aaucy since last Christmas' and he's a good ketch for any gal. Ever' Sunday he's been comin', not givin anybody else a chance to even wink at her. Now, I'm tired o' this. I made a move ter JoshuTHE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell as eep.
Oh, the touching sight
Makes me still to wee
Of my little lad
Gone to l-ave me sad—
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

Stories of Life.

way last night that Ranzy'd quit comin' or talk love. I know Nancy looks 'hout her best now and of she don't make hay while the sun shines her fare's guine ter be bad. Ranzy j's' sots and sots in the same place and repeats the same conversation each time. I git enough o' any one thing of it's streaked candy. What do you think bout'n it?" said she, very anxiously.

iously.

"Well, I never decide such cases; it might be that I wouldn't prove a competent judge," I replied.

"I am guine ter state the case planer.

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might be that I wouldn't prove a competent judge." I replied.

"I am guine ter state the case plainer. Ranzy comes here ever' Sunday mornin' and takes a seat aside o' Nancy. Right thar he's been sottin' ever' Sunday ferone y'ar. Atter anybody sets on one subject sich er time outten any adjournment or successful preceedin's, I am' in it. I hain't the batience o' Jobe."

"If he was a nuisance and Nancy cared nothing for him, I should certainly have him discontinue his visits."

"Ye spoke my sentymants then. That boy hes eat enough rashuns ter board my Jeemes Monroe a y'ar at er good boardin' skule; it's like fillin' Mammoth cave ez ter give him a squar' meal, course Nancy's proud like 'tother girls and bakes 'tater custards and sweet cakes for Sunday and lawsy! that boy eats his weight might nigh. I thought ez long ez him and Nancy moight marry I would stand sich, but hain't gwine ter put up with his dead beatin' no longer: some uns mought; it ain' in me, Lz Green, I know."

"Oh, maw, maw," cried a voice from the back yard, "Abraham Lincoln has fell into the pot o' soap; it's most hot, too." The 11 children were howling, "Abe war dead, dead." I listened for Mrs. Green to mourn, but she screamed out, "Ye air right whor ye orter be; recenve'll stey erway from my soap now. Lawry, I ain't never seed sich times. Joshuway hev sworn cff agin work and the chillurn act like natives, can't git 'empacyfied when they raise a row 'twixt each other. I've allers carried my pint tho' and I'll venture ter say I'll wear the ribbin this time, kase onward is my motto and candidity is what I preach."

Taking from her apron pocket a big snuff box she dipped and trotted her foot, saying: "This worl' am sho'ty progressin', 'tother night a man, or drummer or foot peddier, stayed all night here. Atter axin' more questions than Nancy Smith's grammy contains, he lowed: 'Gwine ter the world's fair, 'said Joshuway, 'what's the thunder ye talkin' 'bout? I've allars fared bad enough otten gwine ter Chicagy ter fare.'

"The man 'peared arful tic

"The man 'peared arful tickled and wunk at 'tother man along with him. Nancy jes fairly biled in fury at Josh-She had read all 'bout'n the uway, 'lowed he

uway, 'lowed he was allars ixposin' his ignerence. She had read all 'bout'n the fair in the newspapers."

"Warn't ye take a dip o'snuff? Nancy made it outten this yar's tobaccy. Joshuway 'lows this air the finest y'ar on 'taters and 'baccy he's seed yit."

I prepared to leave and made an excuse for calling so soon in the morning, but that I heard of Mr. Green's illness and came to see him.

but that I heard of Mr. Green's illness and came to see him.
"Yes, he's peart ex common. I've jes' larnt that most anybody is well when they hatter be and thar hain't no laz ness at the bottom o' it all. Yes, he riz this mornin' and split a respectable number of rails fer one who had been puny. You uns kem ter see we uns," she said, as I hastened away, fearing her conversation would never cease while I remained to listen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A VERY HIGH TEA Miss Eth-l Dessaix gave a very "high tea," And inv.ted Alberia, Judith and me; We were each off-red tea in a wee china cup, And a smail, crispy cake, which was soon eater

up;
Then with farewells, Judith, Alberta and I
Went home to cold tarkey, baked beans at
mince pie.

—Detroit Free r-ress.

THE HOODOOED MILKMAN. "No, chile; I don't feel goud nohow

got de mis'ry in my back, an' dis yare shoulder won't wuk no how. Seems ter me steader gettin' weller I keeps on er gettin' worsern worser all de time. Specks I mus' be hoodoo."

"Oh, Aust Tilda, you don't believe in

hootoo, do you?" "Course I duz, chile; course I duz. beteebes in hit cause I jus' know hit fur er fac'."

I smiled incredulously. "Did he look?"

"He did, fur er fac'."

"Did he find anything besides rats?" "'Course be nid, Miss Mary. 'Taint no yuse yer larfin' at er pore ole nigger like me; but he did, fur er fac', fine sumfin' 'sides rats. He foun' an ole box er rusty

"Wonderful!"

"An' 'sides dat, de same gemman what dun tole yer erbeout, he tole him ter look underneaf to de right, an' undernea ter de lef', an' underneaf ter de middle ob de stable flo' an' see what he see."

"Some more rusty nails, I suppose." "Yer may smile, Miss Mary; but gin de time yer gits ter be hundred an' free an' five weeks, turnin' onter hundred an' fo' years ole, yu'il know a heep mor 'n yer dus now, chite. Yer may smile, but I clar ter de Lor' I know hit fur er lac'. Dar wus old Marsa Jones what yuster lib ter de Ridge, de one what had de milk stable—well, chile, he ju,' kep' ou er loosin' an' er loosin' his keows, like nuf-

fin, in dis yare wuld, an' dey hed allers been good keews twill dey gunter die, an' dey jus' died an' died daid, ebery single day dat de good Lor' sent, an' he wus tole dat 'twarnt nuffin' less dan dat he wus hoodood; dat somebody hed dun hawmed him. Yas, ma'am, dat's de Lor's truf," nodding her head emphatically, "an' he, de man what dun tole ole Marsa Jones he was hawmed, tole him ter look up in de was hawmed, tole him ter look up in de rafters ob de stable an' see what he fine."
"No, ma'am, 'twarn't nails dis yare time, 'twar sumfin else." She leaned forward and whispered mysteriously, "What you specks be fine, Miss Mary?" Her manner made me surmise that Mr.

Her manner made me surmise that Mr. Jones must have found a couple of dead men at least, or something perfectly hor-rible, and so I held my breath as she con-"Yas, Miss Mary, what you specks he fine, underneaf ter de right, an' underneaf ter de lef', an' underneaf ter de lef', an' underneaf ter de middle ob de stable flo'? What you specks he fine? Aigs!" I drew a long breath and burst into an

audible smile.

"Eggs! Well!"

"Dar, neow, yer is er lafin' ergin, but dat ain't all, nuther. De man what knowed made Marsa Jones take dem dar nails what he dun foun' in de rafters, an' de aigs what he dun foun' underneaf de stable flo', and burn dem wid salt."

"Burn them with salt?" I gasped,
"Yes, ma'am, hit's de Lor's truf I is er

"Burn them with salt?" I gasped,
"Yes, ma'am, hit's de Lor's truf I is er
tellin' yer. Marsa Jones hed ter burn
dem wid salt, an' I seed him wid dese
yare two eyes; I did fur er fac. Dat
warn't all, nuther—de man what knowed
tole Marse Jones to hang salt sacks all
erround his stable, an' he did, an' fo' de
Lor', Miss Mary, de hawm dun pass
erway, an' dat's er fac', shore's yer bawn,
an' de keows dey jes' stopped an' didn't
die no mo'."

She fell into a brown study. I watched her, well knowing what was coming, and was not at all surprised when she burst forth: "How Mariah, Miss Mary?" "She's well."

"How Mariah, Miss Mary?"

"She's well."

"Dus yer speck dar was annythin' lef' frum dinner dat yer don't want?"

"Well—in a meditative voice—"I believe there was, but I saw Isaac around, and if he gets there first there may be nothing left for you."

"Good Lor', chile! what fur you didn't say so? Hyere I has been er gassin' erway, white ole Brer Isaac may be er trabblin' off wid my dinner. I'se in a hurry, Miss Mary. I'se in a monstrus hurry, chile—mus' skuse me, chile—goodby, honey'—and she went off grumbling to herself. After a short time I heard her hearty "Yah, Yah!" in the kitchen, and knew all was weil.—New Orleans Times—Democrat.

EXCLEDING STRANGE. A very bashful youth was James, So timid and so shy, When e'er he had to say a word, He felt as if he'd die.

And while this troubled him a deal, It troubled even more he gay Estelle, the da-hing girl He met down at the shore.

She doted on a man of nerve; A man of enterprise; And James' shy and shirking ways Brought mois ure to her eyes.

Till once she cried, when his coy ways,
No loager she could stand,
"Tis's range that living at the beach,
You cannot get some sand."

—Posten Courier.

A CZAR'S JOKE.

Frogere, an actor at one of the minor theaters of the boulevard in Paris, had entered into an engagement with the manager of the French theater at St. Petersburg, where he had the good for-tune so greatly to please Paul I. that he soon became a distinguished favorite of the monarch. An ill timed bon mot one day convinced Frogere how dangerous it too fr autocrat. It was at the imperial dinner table, when one of the guests lauded the emperor at the expense of Peter the

Great.

"That is robbing Peter to pay Paul," said the emperor, turning to his favorite.

"Is it not so, Frogers?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the latter.

"To satisfy Paul we may rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Aposta!"

'And pray, why so?" asked the car,

quickly.
"Because," said the actor, "Paul in his anger has irrequently commanded: 'Go and bear the cross throughout the world, more especially in Siberia.' ' Paul showed anger in his face, and no

one dared to laugh or to be pleased with the actor's reply. A few minutes after-ward the emperor rose and dismissed the

company.

It was in the middle of winter, about It was in the middle of winter, about midnight, when Frogere was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door. He jumped from his bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement an officer and a file of soldiers enter the apartment. The former produced a warrant from the emperor banishing Frogere to Siberia. He cried, threw himself upon the floor, tore his hair and exclaimed; "What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment?' He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay. In vain; the officer would allow him only time to pack up a few clothes and linen. Scarceiy was the oreration finished, when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the by the soldiers and carried outside the bouse, where a coach was in waiting. He was then lifted into it—more dead

than alive—while two soldiers, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, took their seats on each side of him. How long the first stage lasted Fregere was unable to tell, the vehicle was so thickly covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. The door of the conch was at least ray. trate. The door of the coach was at last opened. It was broad daylight. His eyes, however, were bandaged, and he was led into a miserable but, the doors and windows of which were closed as soon as he

dows of which were closed as soon as he entered.

When the bandage was removed he saw, by the faint glimmer of a rushlight, a dish of coarse food upon a board before him. Though he had been fasting for some time, he could hardly swallow a morsel. Siberia! Siberia! that was the only thought. Fregere gave himself up to despair, when the previous officer entered the room, attended by a causing. previous officer entered the room. ded by a courier. The poor prin-felt as if he had not seen that

attended by a courier. The poor pro-oner feit as if he had not seen that friendly face for years.

The officer dismissed his guide and or-dered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the pris-oner, he said, almost in a whisper, "Fre-oner, he said, almost in a whisper," if have accomgere, we must now part. I have accomtence be under the inspection of another efficer. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much even in giving this caution; tut I am your friend. Have you any orders for me? Can I serve you on my re-turn to St. Petersburg?" Poor Frogere melted into tears. Instead of replying to the question he only bewailed having to undergo a punishment for an unknown crime. "An unknown crime?" said the

officer. "Don't you, then, know what you have done? Have you forgotten the sar-castic jest you made at the imperial table? It has offended the emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in is the cause there was so much that in it. You have nothing to hope. Tell me, then, quickly, what I can do for you."
"Speak for me to his majesty."
"Ask anything but that."
"If that be the case," said poor Fregere, "I have nothing to ask."
"And your money and trinkets." re-

gere, "I have nothing to ask."
"And your money and trinkets," rejoined the officer. "Can I lodge them
safely for you semewhere until you re-

"My return!" gasped Frogere, "then I am not exiled for lite?"
"Of course not—only for three years.
Take courage; they will soon pass away

and then—
But at this moment the soldiers entered, and bandazing his eyes, they lifted him into the vehicle, and away it rolled

again.

As before, he was bandaged and led into a wretched but, a counterpart of the first, and lighted by a piece of blazing pinewood. The same coarse food was again placed before him. He looked at the faces around him. None that he knew—none that inspired him with composite the faces around some contents of the con

knew—none that inspired him with comfort. After several similar journeys the
vehicle again stopped. By Frogere's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had
traveled three days and nights. His eyes
were bandaged as before; but, instead
of being led, his guide seized him and
carried him for some time, until they
placed him upon a wooden bench.
At last he heard soft whisperings and
then quick steps approaching. His hands
were suddenly seized and tied behind his
back. In another moment his coat was
torn off his shoulders and his breast laid
bare. Frogere now thought eternity, in-

torn off his shoulders and his breast laid bare. Fregere now thought eternity, instead of S beria, was to be the goal of his journey. "Take aim!" was the command of one whose voice he thought he knew—"Fire!" and several shots were at once discharged. Fregere fell senseless to the ground. He was raised unwounded, and whiist he was borne along he became sensible of a division of soldiers marching past him. Having been placed upon a chair, his hands were unbound and the bandage removed.

a chair, his hands were unbound and the bandage removed.

He then found himself in the same room, at the same table and in the same company where that unbappy ben-mot had escaped him. Opposite to him sat the emperor. The astonishment, terror and doubt alternately reflected in the poor actor's face so grately excited the risible faculties of Paul that the entire company joined hearthy in the mirth. Frogere feil in a swoon. The whole terrible trip had only lasted 24 hours. The emperor had accompanied him in disguise all the time, and found immense delight in the prisoner's painful sufferings. in the prisoner's painful sufferings. Though used to comedies, it was long be-fore the actor recovered from the sad dream of the imperial farce.—New York

A TEMPEST.

S. V. Court in the Pittsburg Leader. The roses dosed in the sultry air, the lilies were languid and faint; the trees were too sleepy to shake the dust from their summer dress. The birds dabbled in little pools, and slowly adjusted their shining feathers.

There was a coppery tint on foliage flowers. The sun hid behind a brassy sky, and a stillness that startles per

vaded.

Alas! a storm was brewing! and the timid ones became feeble and fearful!

The coppery sky grew dark; the stillness more alarming—God's electric pen traced rapid, burning, hieroglyphics, on the blackness, to bis affirighted people.

The thunder roared, and the terrifled rain, came rushing to the earth, unconscious of its ineffable blessedness. It was over at last! The thunder rumbled far away; nature's electric messages were enveloped in gilt edged cloudlets, and fied to distant parts on the wings of and fied to distant parts on the wings of summer winds. The flowers looked up and smiled; the birds screamed with joy, and fled wildly from branch to tranch it

and fled wildly from branch to branch in the cool damp trees.

The sun shone, the heavens of brass vanished, and in the quiet blue sky was piled a wonderful collection of cloud statuary. There was a marble castle, with turrets and gates of gold; a black volcano, with flaming crater and stream-ing lava; a flock of sheep, with snowy fleece, huddled beside a huge dark rock; a giant, with glittering spear and sheggy locks; a babe in vaporous raiment; tall masted ships drifting on eas; lions with flaming eyes, and

tigers sleeping.

A colossal iceberg crushed a dainty Grand heads, Beecheresque in strength

Ob, life is sweet! and the world beauti-

The great artist Nature, with magic brush and enchanted chisel, is ever cre-ating matchless treasures of art. Shall we fear the storm when the beautiful calm follows?

A WOMAN IN A HOTEL A woman in a hotel is worth seeing.

She rings the bell three times to a man'

once. She apologizes so profusely to the bellboy that he comes down stairs with not an idea of what he is to do. She writes about eight letters a day, and each envelope seems to contain at least three sheets of the hotel's paper. She sends the missives down one by one to be posted and "Ask the office, please, to put a stamp on for me," she says each time. She never makes out a wash list, but she "knows" just what she had, and one pair "knows" just what she had, and one pair hasn't been returned. She refused indignantly to confide more to "the office" when he inquires, but she is sure just how many were in, and "these have blue ribbons." She puts all sorts of things in the safe, but she is perfectly sure she put several things there that she didn't put there, and, of course, this makes it awkward for "the office," because he can't prove anything and she always "knows."

She is always thunderstruck at is always thunderstruck amounts paid for her I she "knows" there is a misand she "knows" there is a mistake, says the Kansas City Star. The bills have to be produced, and even then she does not remember receiving the goods at all or buying them or anything. If she remembers afterward she comes down and explains to "the office" and apologizes, which makes him feel better. Sometimes she gets conscious smitten about ringing the bell so much, and then she runs out, rings up the elevator and gives the elevator boy orders. Yet pec-ple wonder at so many elevator disas-ters. An elevator boy's life has its ups and downs anyhow, but when the women come to giving him messages he loses his grip altegether and the elevator may take advantage of him.

The woman in a hotel expects the chambermaid to "see to" this, that, and the other thing, sewing on a button, tak-

ing a stitch, hanging up her dresses, and helping her to put them on. The cham-bermaid is only a poor human being who

has a lot of work to do and the house-keeper to keep an eye on her. But what of that? The lady asks her just the same: "Iron these out for me, Mary, there's a good girl," or to "face up my dress, there's a dear," or to "put me in a few extra towels, do," or "get me a cake of soap—I'm leaving this afternoon." She tacks photographs up on the wall—that the will do—and she cries right in the office before every one when she is charged extra for damage to walls. Then cards and callers! O, heaven, give "the office" patience.

"I expect a gentleman to call about 9," she remarks; "please say I am out. If any one else comes send them right up."
The gentlemen is late and gets up. Heaven help "the office."
When a card awaits her she takes "the office" right into her confidence.

"Ob, dear, I'm so sorry!" she exclaims.

"When did they call? On, yes, the time is on the card. If you had only told them to wait. I know I didn't leave instructions, but then, you see, I had no idea they would call. I didn't even

structions, but then, you see, I had no idea they would call. I didn't even know they were in town. Was the baby alone, too? Oh, dear, I've never seen the baby. It was born last summer, and...."

"The office" is perhaps not a married man, or perhaps hot a married man, or perhaps he is, and in either case this is harrowing with a whole line of im-patient men waiting for rooms. You understand now, don't you, why so few hotels have "the office" where the women can get at it?

SURE THINGS.

De Courtney dones had large ideas of government reform,
And thought he only had to run to take the town by storm.

Electiont day things locked so bright that he could almost see
The sitent bailets pulling up his big majority;
But as he counted the returns at 2 o clock that

hight.

Three "safe" precinets came in and hid his office out of sight.

He was knocked out; completely crushed; his trightest hopes took wing;

How could be lose? He knew he had

Tom Jenkins's fate was even worse; he loved a Who rather liked a quiet hug, and didn't mind a

Who rather liked a quiet hug, and didn't mind a kiss;
At last Tom thought the time had come to end his ionacy bfe,
And gain her deepest gratitude by making her nis wife;
With confidence he asked when she "would name the blissful day."
And found she would not "name" at all; she'd only been in play,
So, to his empty pocket he returned the diamond ring.

And found she only been in play, so, to his empty pocket he returned should be discount about And found he'd gained some points about A Dead Sure Thing.

A'as! such luck is common in these harassing We all have stumbled over it in unexpected It may have been a tip about some fiver at the track,
Or else red won a dozen times, and then we played the black;
Or our small flush ran up against one headed by

In fact we all have gambled on

A Dead Sure Thing.

A GLIMPSE OF GENUINE LOVE.

V. Court in the Pittsburg Leader. Manifestations of parental affection

are not rare; it is natural to desire the relfare of your children; to be anxious for their entrance in the charmed circle of society; to crave for them fame and

Yet the world knows but little of the deep, self sacrificing love of the poor, whose efforts to achieve those things for their children mean self denial of the

The sublime patience and endurance of the poor have ever aroused my admir-

A case came under my notice recently that intensified my wonder and esteem. I called at a business college, and as several persons were in advance of me, I sat down to await my turn.
I observed that they were well dressed, intelligent people, in search of a higher

One pretty young girl (a picture in gold and blue) was making arrangements to commence next day.

She chatted merrily, and looked very

onfident of success.

As she passed out, a man entered.

He was a working man, clean and respectable; his clothes were well brushed, but were neither new nor fash-

He seemed about 50 years old; serious expression on his face; his beard and hair were faintly streaked with

He took off his hat confusedly, fumbled in several pockets in a worried manner; found a card which he handed to the professor without speaking, and anxiously watched his face as he read it.

At length the professor said: "I sup-

pose this is your boy's report from grain mar school?" "Yes, sir," he answered.
"Well, this is a splendid report for the young man. How old is he?"
"Only 15," he proudly replied.

"You see, sir," (he said with nervous haste) "he is not so bg and strong as I was, so me and his mother want him to have a bit more learning so he won't have to work hard like me." "That is wise and kind," said the teacher pleasantly. "What do you wish

him to study? "Bookkeeping, shorthand and type-writing, if it don't cost too much." He nervously twirled his soft bat, and the teacher so grave and re-

"Bring your son," he said, "and we will give you the lowest terms possible."
"I can't spare another half day," he said umidly; "it's going to be a pretty hard job for us to keep him here a year; I shail have to work late nights, and his said umidly; "it's going to be a pretty hard job for us to keep him here a year; I shail have to work late nights, and his mother will have to manage very close.

our best for you alt."

The man's face beamed with gratitude, yet still be lingered and hesitated. "Is there anything more?"

'Yes, sir;" said the father eagerly. "I want to tell you, my boy is rather slow.
May be you clever tooks might want to
rush him, but sir, he's a good boy, and
very willing. I don't care how hard I
work, but he's our only child, and I don't want him pushed past his strength."

There was a world of tender love expressed in his homely face, as he untered

these words.

The professor smiled, promised every care, and the man departed, his eyes shining with happiness, and a rapt ex-pression that suggested innumerable

Spanish castles.

I called again, and saw the boy; he was a delicate, lair, serious lad. I could

scarcely refrain going to his desk, and saying, "My boy! if you don't work faithfully every moment, and strain every nerve to excel, you are not worthy of that dear, plain heroic father, or your self-sacrifleing mother."

Not desiring to startle the students, or coveting a residence at Bloomingdale, I did not voice my thoughts.

But I breathed a prayer that the lad may succeed and geadden the hearts of his obscure but no ble parents.

MEANT LIFE OR DEATH.

Telegraph operators who have sent dispatches of all kinds for years might be excused if they were to show no surprise at any message that could be sent. It is only natural that there should be a dreary routine in the work which banishes all degree of excitement in anything. The writer once met a telegraph superintendent who had handled an electric key in all parts of this country. He had stored in his mind a fund of reminiscences, and as the time dragged heavily he rattled off

story after story.
"It was a good many years ago," he said, "when I was not so old as I am now, and perhaps more sentimental, that I won a husband for a girl. I was au op-erator then in a town out in Ohio. I had not much to do, and I used to sit in a window a good deal to watch the people on the station platform of the railroad. One day I caught sight of a young man and young woman who were in earnest conversation. He was dressed for traveling. and was evidently waiting for the next train. As the time for the arrival of the train drew near the young man seemed to become desperate, for he paced up and

to become desperate, for he paced up and down the platform nervously, talking very rapidly.

"Then the train came gliding in. I saw the girl shake her head, and he said something which made her turn pale. The train had again started and he climbed up the car steps without turning to look back. She gave a little cry, but he did not hear it; his train was gone.

"It was two clays after this that the

"it was two days after this that the young woman came into the telegraph office, with a white face and red-tinge! eyelids. She came up to me and spoke rapidly in a frightened whisper.

"I want to send a telegram, she said.

You must send it right away. it's to New York, and it must be delivered before 4 o clock this afternoon.

"She was trying to write, but her fingers trembled so that she could not guide the

pencil.

"'Let me write i',' I said.

"'Oh, thank you,' she answered, and then she gave me the address. There were just two words in the message, 'Come back.'

"'Can't you get it there before 4 o'clock? she asked, breathlessiy. 'You must. He will leave his hotel then to catch a steamer.' Her voice faltered here.

here.
"'I'm afraid not,' I said. 'The difference in time, you know, makes it hard work to do that.'

"'Ob,' she cried. 'I forgot about the difference in time. What shall I do?' "'Send two,' I said, all the while work-

"Send two,' I said, all the while working on my key to get the wire. 'Send one to the hotel and one to the steamer.'

'She was crying now, so that I could not hear her answer, but I knew what she wanted. I never worked so hard before cr since to get messages through. And all the while that poor girl watched my fingers with a look in her eyes that made me swear I'd get them through if quick work could do it.

quick work could do it.
"When I turned around finally she
drew a long breath.
"'Well,' I said, 'they are gone,' and I looked at the clock. This made me shiver.
"She would not leave the office, and as
the minutes slipped away I began to feel the dread that was reflected in her eyes. I knew that the steamer must have started now. I felt as if I had committe but she was silent and pale. Only her look was reproachful as if I had failed

her. "Finally it came, There was a click and a flash of color in her cheek. "What is it? she said. 'Quick! What

"'it's for you?' I shouted like the boy that I was; 'hurrah! he's coming.' for I was so excited that I forgot to give her the message.
"Then I wrote it out for her: 'I'm coming God bless you, I was on the

coming God bless you, I was on the steamer.' She cried over that piece of yellow paper, and I think that the hulk-ing country boy that gave it to her had a "Well, there was a wedding a short while after that. The only one that I knew in the party was the bride. You know how I met her. But the country operator was at that wedding, and when the bridegroom grasped my had he shook in a way that burt. He see the a letter

in a way that hurt. He sent me a letter from the East atterward asking me to from the East afterward asking me to come on to go into a big telegraph office where he had secured a position for me.
"I had another experience in 'sending'
in my younger days in which I got greatly interested. It was after I went East, I partly broke down and got transferred for one summer to a watering place.

One day a dignified, well-dressed man

of middle age came hurriedly into th "Send this at once, he said in a strained

"I reached for my key, and as I clicked away to get New York I watched him. his teeth was ground together, and his fingers clinched the rail so fiercely that that were absolutely bloodless.

"'Get it,' he said between his teeth.
"Get it there or I am ruined."

'Get it there or I am ruined.'
"Then I saw that his dispatch was in cipher, and I remembered that that morning I had received one in cipher.
When I had sent his last word he be-

came deathly white and leaned against came deathly white and leaned against the wail faintly, fanning himself with his hat. I have never seen such an intense look of agony on a man's face as was on his. He seemed to have strength enough only to look at his watch every minute or two. "His answer came back in cipher. He braced him self before reading it.
"'Thank God!" he said in a low voice, and the next thing I knew I felt a bill in my hand. Before I could cry out to him that I would not take his money, he was gone.

"I afterward learned that he was also

an operator—one of the heaviest opera-tors in Wall street. I often think about my having saved a millionaire from ruin."—New York Tribune

From the Bridgeport Standard, The defeat of Fassett in New York after an exceptionally brilliant campaign was due to the failure of the republicans outside of the city to go to the polls.

The Full Season of Frights.

From the Indianapolis News. Last year about this time we started out to paraly zo the Indians. This season it seems to be the Chilians who are hav

ing the ghost dance.